

**A NEW AND ORIGINAL
OPERA IN
THREE ACTS, ENTITLED THE
ENCHANTRESS**

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A New and Original Opera in Three Acts, Entitled The Enchantress by M. W. Balfe

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M. W. BALFE

**A NEW AND ORIGINAL
OPERA IN
THREE ACTS, ENTITLED THE
ENCHANTRESS**

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A New and Original Opera,

IN THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

THE ENCHANTRESS.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14TH, 1845.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THAT THEATRE,

Michael Williams
BY M. W. B A L F E.

THE LIBRETTO WRITTEN BY

M. D. ST. GEORGES & MR. BUNN. *9/1/45*

PHILADELPHIA:

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1852.

CHARACTERS IN THE OPERA, CHESTNUT STREET.

Duke d'Aquila	Mr. Ray.
Galbas (<i>First Minister</i>)	Mr. Mason.
Seneschal	Mr. G. Lingard.
Chief of the Senate	Mr. Lomas.
Don Sylvio	Mr. Hudson.
Doctor Mathanasius	Mr. Thayer.
Ramir (<i>disguised as the Hermit "Fra Antonio"</i>)	Mr. Mayer.
Chief of the Assassins	Mr. Bradley.
Josè (<i>a Peasant</i>)	Mr. Thomas.
First Officer	Mr. Roberts.
Second Officer	Mr. Hall.
First Pirate	Mr. Hunt.
Second Pirate	Mr. Gore.
Third Pirate	Mr. Denham.
First Peasant	Mr. Vanhorn.
Second Peasant	Mr. Frank.
Stella (<i>the "Enchantress"</i>)	Mad'e Thillon.

Nobles, Ladies, Magistrates, Senators, Officers, Heralds, Pursuivants, Royal Guards, Pages, Esquires, Soldiers, Pirates, Gipsies, Greek Slaves, Citizens, Peasants, Servants, Masqueraders, Assassins, &c. &c.

THE ENCHANTRESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Hermitage of "Our Lady of the Woods," situated on a lofty mountain of the Abruzzi, near Chieti, the approach to which is by steps cut in the rocks—it commands a picturesque view, bounded by forests and high mountains in the horizon—on the O. P. the statue of "Our Lady," near which a lamp is burning.*

As the curtain rises, a religious chant is heard in the valley, which gradually increases as the procession of the Rogation is seen ascending the steps leading to the Hermitage—young Girls and Youths carrying wreaths of flowers, which they place at the feet of the statue, while some Peasants ring the Hermit's bell. Enter FRA ANTONIO, the Hermit, on whose appearance they all kneel, and he gives them his blessing.

CHORUS.

(Heard first in the distance, then on the stage.)

Bend before high Heaven the knee
In faith and in humility !
Pray that the parch'd and barren ground
With plenty may once more abound ;
And now where drought and want appal
Its dews may bountifully fall.
Lift up on high this solemn strain,
Where sorrow never pleads in vain !

Fra. Ant. Doubt not your prayers will be heard.

CHORUS (*animated.*)

Blest be the holy man, whose word
 Hath told us that our prayer is heard ;
 Blest be the Hermit, in whose cell
 All that are good and pious dwell ;
 Blest be the Hermit, from whose home
 Things that are also good, do come !
 For body and soul all cheer
 Is sure to be met with here !

During the Chorus, MATHANASIVUS has been seen ascending the rocks, and at its termination he enters.

Math. I come to inquire after my young friend, Sylvio.

Fra Ant. Ah ! the brave and noble youth brought up by you.

Math. I can't answer for his nobility, because his family is equally unknown to either of us—but he's too brave by half—riding from morning till night all over these mountains, on a wild sort of a horse, at the risk of breaking his neck every ten minutes.

Fra Ant. Heaven will protect him.

First Pea. Provided he does not fall in with the Enchantress of Saint Michael.

All. Woe be to the Enchantress.

First Pea. She never makes her appearance, but misfortunes are sure to follow—hail, and thunder, and floods !

Math. Oh ! you've an Enchantress among ye, have ye ! what a lucky set of people—I never met with one, except in my books, and I should have no objection to make such acquaintance, if she's of real flesh and blood—but who is this strange creature ?

Fra Ant. I will tell you what they relate of her in these parts :

BALLAD.

She is seen when the vapours of morn arise,
 When the dews of even fall—
 When the moonbeams break through the cloudy skies,
 And shine on the cloister's wall ;
 When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

CHORUS.

When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

SECOND VERSE.

She is seen on the loftiest mountain's brow,
 In caves of the hollow rock,
 Which mortal footsteps do never plough,
 And mortal approach which mock ;
 When earth is troubled, or thick the air,
 The sorrow to some
 On many may come,
 For the Sorceress then is dwelling there !

CHORUS, (*repeated.*)

When earth is troubled, or thick the air, &c.

[MATHANASIUS *seems stupified*—at this moment a shot
 is heard in the valley.

First Pea. What means that sound ?

[*All rushing up to back.*

Math. (*exclaiming*) A horse knocked down on the brink of the precipice, and its rider perhaps killed. Run—run.

[*They all run out in a body, followed by MATHANASIUS, except FRA ANTONIO, who claps his hands, and three men, dressed in black appear at his bidding.*

Fra Ant. Who fired ?

Man. I!

Fra Ant. Who commanded thee ?

Man. One who commands us all.

Fra Ant. Good—they are coming back—disappear—but be not far off.

(*The three men conceal themselves amongst the rocks, and MATHANASIUS returns supporting SYLVIO in his arms, surrounded by the Peasants, running about in great disorder.*

[SYLVIO, who has only been stunned by the fall, gradually recovers.

Sylvio. Thanks, thanks, my good Mathanasius.

Math. What has befallen thee ?

Sylvio. Let me try and recollect.

AIR AND CHORUS.

As borne on my unruly steed,
 As fleet as foot could go,
 I reached yon mountain's ridge with speed,
 And saw the gulph below ;
 While standing near me, unamazed,
 When aid I sought to win,
 A spirit witnessed, as she gazed,
 The danger I was in.

As in her smile, where beauty played,
 She bade me place my trust,
 A ball from yonder coppice laid
 My courser in the dust.
 That form, though oft at distance seen,
 I never met before,
 Or all my heart's delight had been
 Its image to adore !

Math. Describe her look—

Sylvio As soft and light
 As morning's dew of silvery white—
 Her form is bound by scarf of red,
 And veil of gold adorns her head—
 While 'neath its texture far more fine,
 The brightest eyes on earth do shine !

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

'Tis she ! 'tis she ! whose witch's hand
 Has desolated all the land,
 Death to the Sorceress—hasten and trace
 The spot accursed of her hiding place !

Sylvio. Stop ! she's the angel of life to me—

Chorus. In her the angel of death we see—
 Rush over thicket, climb up the hill,
 Where fire can burn, or weapon can kill.

Sylvio. (*with energy*) If ye've the courage of men, forbear,
 Nor seek the life of a being so fair.

Chorus. Follow, follow, heed not him,
 Find out the Sorceress, scatter each limb
 Over the earth she has laid so bare,
 And let her of those who would till it, beware !

Repulsing SYLVIO, and rushing out among the mountains.

Fra Ant. (*Restraining SYLVIO*) Calm yourself, my son, they will not find her whom they seek.

Sylvio. How so ?

Fra Ant. Why, if she be a Sorceress, she'll easily escape their blows.

Sylvio. I have no faith in any good or evil spirits, which are only to be met with in the musty books of the library of our old ruined tower, and my worthy pastor has tried all his alchemy in vain, to find out the secret of my birth.

Math. The fact is, good Hermit, that is an extraordinary history :

One night, about eighteen years ago, I had just landed in your fine kingdom of Naples, when a knocking was heard at the door of the fisherman's hut, where I was to pass the night—I ran to open it, when a man, dressed in black, and endowed with a most villainous countenance, placed in my hands a very large purse, and a very little baby, saying in a terrible voice. "Go into the Abruzzi mountains—take possession of the old Castle of St. Michael—it is thine—carry this child with thee—one day, perchance, thou may'st be happy and rich." I did as I was bid.

Sylvio. (*laughing*) We are certainly happy, but it would puzzle any one to be poorer than we are.

Math. Since you doubt all prodigies, I have a great mind to attempt a little bit of conjuration, just to convince you of your folly.

Sylvio. If I can but see this Enchantress, or Sorceress, as they call her, the sooner you begin, the better—and if you succeed, I will believe—so commence your conjuration.

Math. Here it is, in this wonderful volume—"THE DEMONIOMANIA," composed for the benefit of all classes of society, desirous of giving themselves up to—the gentleman in black.

Opens the book.

CHANT.

Math. In Lucifer's name, and that of his crew,
Spirit of evil appear to our view!
List to a challenge more fitting by far
Goblin, or fairy, or sunbeam, or star,

Come hither, come!

Sylvio. Oh pry'these come!

Fra Ant. Be silent! behold o'er the darkened sky,
Where the thunder rolls, and lightnings fly!
Oh do not come!

[*Loud thunder heard—indication of a storm.*]

Math. In Belzebub's name
Thy presence I claim.

Fra Ant. By the spell of fear
Which prevaieth here—

Math. Appear! appear!

Fra Ant. Do not appear!

(*The lightning suddenly flashes, and STELLA appears at the back of the Hermitage, she is dressed in a picturesque and brilliant manner, and her head is covered with a black veil, studded with gold stars; FRA ANTONIA falls on his knees terrified; MATHANASIVUS lets the book fall out of his hand, and SYLVIO gazes on the SORCERESS with delight.*)